

EXHIBIT M

Your Honor,

I am humbly writing this letter with the heaviest of hearts as I am about to stand before you at this crossroad in my life, about to receive your judgement.

Today, I come not only to accept responsibility for my actions, but also to express the genuine remorse that has become a perpetual companion to my thoughts since the day my actions brought me here.

I wish to convey my most profound apologies for the series of mistakes I committed. They have not only affected me, but have also brought undeserved distress upon the people I hold most dear - my family. I recognize that my decisions, influenced by the allure of a promising career and financial stability, were misguided. I am candidly trying to reflect on the misjudgment that precipitated my current circumstances.

In the role of a legal adviser to a high-tech firm cloaked in secrecy and operating without clear legal framework & industry guidelines, discerning the boundaries of lawful conduct became an ever-convoluted task. The enormity of the responsibilities vested in me, coupled with an intense corporate pressure contributed to an environment where the lines between right and wrong were not just blurred, they were often invisible. Imprisoned in the eye of the storm, my ability to recognize the brewing malfeasance was significantly impaired.

Regrettably, by the time the veil of ambiguity lifted and I grasped the extent of the improprieties the inertia of involvement had firmly taken hold, making it impossible

to extricate myself from the escalating situation.

This realization, however, does not absolve my inaction.

My inability to confront my superiors, compounded by the loss of my family's income, lead to a lapse in judgment for which I am profoundly remorseful.

As someone who consider themselves ^{proudly} on intellect and judgement, I am deeply troubled by my ~~short~~ short fallings. The consequences of my actions have gone far beyond personal regret, as I have unwillingly dragged my family's good name through the taint of public scrutiny and dishonor/prejudice. Bulgaria is a small country and the news of my extradition & arrest spread like a wildfire. This has been especially hard on my children who were vilified by friends and peers in school. My heart aches to consider the impact of my action on our family legacy.

Above all, the toll this has taken on my precious children is a burden I bear most heavily. Their emotional well-being has been compromised and the reality that my actions could provoke in them sense of betrayal & abandonment is something I am struggling to come to terms with. No parent should be the cause of their child's suffering, and yet, unintentionally, I have become just that. During the silence of the night, in my solitude, the weight of their absence is crushing. With each tear shed and every memory that crossed my mind, the pangs of longing for their touch, their warmth and the simple joy of their presence are overwhelming. The distance from them and our homeland of Bulgaria only

exacerbates this pain, as the chance to embrace them or offer consolation is a salace I am deprived at.

It is against this backdrop of repentance and yearning that I genuinely plead for your compassion. It is within your power I beseech you to grant me the opportunity for redemption - to once again become an asset to society and more importantly to be the nurturing mother my children deserve.

My time spent in MDC Brooklyn over the past year has been an ordeal that eclipses the mere deprivation of liberty. The institution itself is a crucible of hardship, a place that seems designed to erode human dignity and spirit. Deprived of natural sunlight, the oppressive confines function less as a correctional facility and more as a warehouse for souls. Day after day, the absence of fresh air and the presence of concrete walls pressing in from all sides amount to a form of mental contortion that is difficult to endure. The conditions within are deplorable, to say at least, meals when not spoiled, rotten or undercooked, offer little respite from overreaching sense of neglect. Understaffing leads to incessant lockdowns, further compounding the sense of isolation and abandoning us to the mercy of our restless thoughts. During these prolonged periods of confinement the mind races and despair often takes hold. Drug use becomes a rampant escape for some, while inadequate medical care fails to address either the causes or the consequences of this and other afflictions.

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When we seek relief the water flows brown from the faucets, serves as a bitter reminder of the environment's pervasive neglect.

My only desire is to return to Bulgaria and begin a new, dedicating my life to rebuilding my world and the shattered life of those around me.

Your Honor, I am ready to face the consequences of my actions and to use this experience as the foundation for a better, more conscientious future.

I pray for the chance to prove that I am capable of change and once again contribute positively to my community and my family.

I place my fate in your hands trusting in the justice system to recognize my contrition and my unwavering commitment to transform my life.

Thank you for the opportunity to speak and for considering my plea. address my thoughts & feelings